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Sarah Whitfield, Soprano, Senior Voice Recital

Sarah Whitfield
Cedarville University

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THE CEDARVILLE UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF
MUSIC AND WORSHIP

PRESENTS THE

SENIOR VOICE RECITAL
OF
SARAH WHITFIELD
SOPRANO

AMY HUTCHISON
PIANO

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 2010
7 P.M.

RECITAL HALL
BOLTHOUSE CENTER FOR MUSIC
DIXON MINISTRY CENTER

PROGRAM

I

If Music Be the Food of Love, Z. 379 Henry Purcell
Lord, What is Man? Z. 192 (1659-1695)

II

SECHS LIEDER, Op. 48 Edvard Grieg
Grüss (1843-1907)
Dereinst, Gedanke mein
Lauf der Welt
Die verschwiegene Nachtigall
Zur Rosenzeit
Ein Traum

PAUSE

III

Ah, si je redevenais belle,
from *PHILÉMON ET BAUCIS* Charles Gounod
..... (1818-1893)
Chère nuit Alfred Bachelet
..... (1864-1944)

IV

Selections from SIX POEMS BY EMILY DICKINSON John Duke
Good Morning—Midnight (1899-1984)
Heart! We will forget him!
Nobody knows this little Rose
Bee! I'm expecting you!

Sarah is a student of Beth Cram Porter.

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment
of the Bachelor of Arts in Music degree.

No flash photography, please.
Please turn off all cell phones.

TRANSLATIONS

Grüss

Sweet chimes are softly filling my
soul; ring, little springtime-song. Ring
out: far and wide.

Go forward till you reach the house,
where the violets bloom; And if you
see a rose, give her my greetings.

Dereinst, Gedanke mein

One day, one day, o my mind, you will
be at peace. Love's ardour will not
leave you alone, in the cool earth,
there you sleep well and without
suffering; you will be at peace:

What you have not found in life,
when it has vanished, will be given to
you; then without wounds and
without pain you will be at peace.

Lauf der Welt

Each evening I go out, over the
meadow-path. He looks out from his
summerhouse, which stands by the
pathway. We have never questioned
this, it is just the way things are.

I don't know how it happened so, for
a long time I kiss him, I don't ask, he
doesn't say yes, however, he also
never says no. If lips like to rest on
lips, we forbid them not, it pleases us
well.

The little breeze plays with the rose, it
doesn't ask: do you love me? The little
grasses are chilled by the dew, they
don't often say: stop! I love him, he
loves me, however neither says:
I love you!

Die verschwiegene Nachtigall

Under the lindens, on the heath. At the
spot where I sat with my boyfriend,
you might discover how he and I
squashed the flowers and the grass.
From the woods came a sweet sound -
"Tandaradei!"--the nightingale singing
in the valley.

I came to the meadow; my sweetheart
had arrived before me. He greeted me
as a noble lady (I'm still very happy
about that). Did he offer me kisses?
"Tandaradei!"--See how red my lips
are!

If anyone found out (God forbid!) what
happened as I lay there, I would be
deeply ashamed. May nobody know
how the young man embraced me
except him and me-- and a little bird -
"Tandaradei!"-- who will certainly keep
a secret.

Zur Rosenzeit

You are wilting, sweet roses--my love
could not sustain you. Bloom for
hopelessness then, for he whose soul is
breaking from sorrow!

I think mournfully of those days when I
hung on you, angel, waiting for your
first little bud and going to my garden
early;

Every blossom, every fruit I carried to
your feet; and before your
countenance, hope throbbed in my
heart.

You are wilting, sweet roses--my love
could not sustain you. Bloom for

hopelessness then, for he whose
soul is breaking from sorrow!

Ein Traum

I once had a beautiful dream: I was
in love with a fair-haired young
woman, we were in a green forest
glade, it was warm spring weather,

The buds were sprouting, the brook
was running strong, the sounds of
the distant village could be heard,
we were full of joy, immersed in
bliss.

And even more beautiful than the
dream was what occurred in reality:
it was in a green forest glade. It was
warm spring weather.

The buds were sprouting, the brook
was running strong, the sounds of
the distant village reached our ears—I
held you tight, I held you long, and
now will never again let you go!

Oh the spring-green glade is alive in
me for all time! That is where reality
became a dream and the dream
became reality!

Ah, si je redevenais belle

Ah! If my charms again were
glowing, if your brow again might be
young, were gods new favors now
bestowing, that renewing life might

be long. Springtime green, early
dawn above me: The lesson of love I
would con. Philémon then anew
would love me, I anew would love
Philémon.

On thro'wood and field hieing
downward, on with feet unshod,
flying hair, in eager longing panting
onward. By well-known paths I
would fare. Echo sweet, answering
above me, his name would repeat on
and on: Philémon then anew would
love me, I anew would love
Philémon!

Chère nuit

Soon the hour will be here. Behind
the hill I see the sun that goes down
and jealously hides its rays. I hear
the soul of things singing, and the
narcissuses and roses send me the
sweetest perfumes!

Beloved night of serene radiance,
you who bring back my tender lover,
ah, come down and veil the earth
with your calm and charming
mystery.

My happiness is reborn under your
wings, o night, more beautiful than
any days are: ah, arise and again
make the dawn of my love shine
forth!



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